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SENIOR NUMBER

MAY, 1935

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Supplies and More
Lancaster, Pa.

THE MISSILE

JUNE, 1935



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

050
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(1935)

THE Missile P

Vol. XXIII.

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1935

No. 4

MEMBER OF THE COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

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The "Missile"

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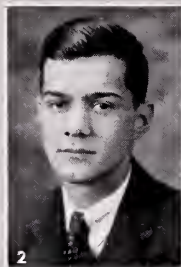
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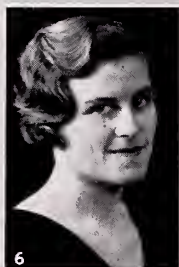
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Faculty Adviser
MR. H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, Jr.

* Dropped school on account of illness.

P. H. S. CLASS 1935



1. Morgan Milton Hu
2. J. Raymond Belche
3. William P. Kevan,
4. Eric Gordon Tipto



5. Martha Lee McCal
6. LaVerne Lunsford
7. Allie Gordon Duke
8. Rachel Ernestine H
9. Florence Bernice P



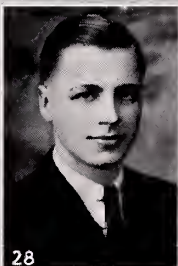
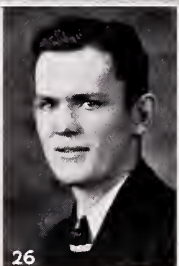
10. Lila Mason Grinste
11. Nellie Rachael Wre
12. Ethel Evans Brockv
13. Ethel Lee James
14. Rachel Louise Ponc



15. Alice Anthelia Calh
16. Ruby Elizabeth Far
17. Katherine Wilma Br
18. Kathryn Nell Clayt
19. Mary Elizabeth Eva



20. William Brown Spe
21. Elizabeth Lee Hamr
22. Lois Christine Marl
23. Mary E. Harrington
24. William Kay Kohle



25. Phillip Gordon Twi
26. Eustace Jack Wall
27. Marie Rose Alperin
28. Stuart Miller Owen
29. Waverly Harold Br

P. H. S. CLASS 1935

Elizabeth C. Andrews
 Annie Mae Woodroof
 Margaret Buford Vaden
 Alice Lavinia Eanes



John A. Perkinson, Jr.
 Catherine Scott Zirkle
 Louise Virginia Wawner
 Catherine Mae Wilkerson
 Edward James Talbott



Jacob Franklin Hassett
 Marion Hoy Proctise
 Eldreth Paige Tench
 Charlotte Clarke Spain
 Sebastian Zappulla



Lawrence Roscoe Whelan
 Rachel Arline Wells
 Effie Marie Pringos
 Gary Robert Pugh
 William O. Perkinscn, Jr.



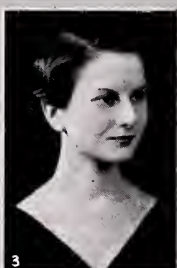
John David Jordan, Jr.
 Mary Edith Carr
 Wendolyn Youngblood
 Lanche G. Bowman
 William Henry Southall



Edney Barney
 Rutile R. Brockwell
 Alice May Beasley
 Richard Wilson Cheely
 Herman Meade Hunter



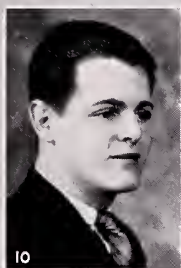
P. H. S. CLASS 1935



1. Ruth Josephine W
2. Louise Jacqueline M
3. Esther M. Lavens
4. Mary Louise Hale



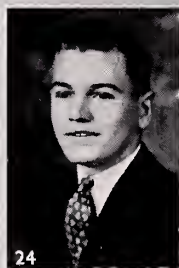
5. Marcel Eugene N
6. Gwendolyn Lee D
7. Alice Page Farmer
8. Gladys Marie Bow
9. Edwin McGill A



10. Theodore Turkow
11. Ruby Helen Jenni
12. Helen Bernice Le
13. Elizabeth Wright
14. William V. DiNub



15. Willie Oliver Phil
16. Katherine V. Wils
17. Mary Edna Styles
18. Lucille Rebecca M
19. Robert Winston B

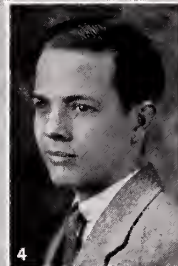


20. Sterling B. Donah
21. Maggie Lois Branc
22. Hazel Douglas Bry
23. Bernice Dorena S
24. Charles W. Clemet

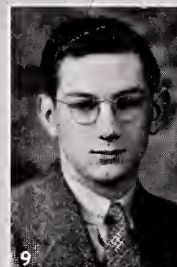


25. Joseph W. Nussey
26. Marion Blanche H
27. Alma Lee Skelton
28. John Kelly Abbott

P. H. S. CLASS 1935



Thomas D. Perkins, Jr.
Alice McClellon Dixon
Alice Elizabeth Woody
R. Lee Marvin White, Jr.



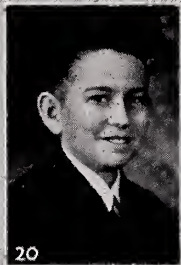
Fred Stanley King
Myra W. Gibson
Lorraine Steel Roper
Charlotte Wall Snead
J. Herman Hopkins



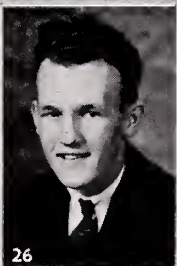
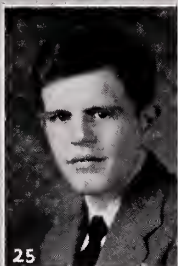
Robert Leslie Mann
Edna Tobias
Anna Kennedy Traylor
Virginia Hall
Irving Berg Anderson



Winton Elsworth Long
Fred Virginia Holt
Frances Ann Roberts
John Janice Laffoon
Lawrence Augustus Azlin



David Graham Brockwell
Jobell Nash
Thomas O'Dell Traylor
Ella Marie Johnson
William Edward Bristow



James Conway Rees, III
Thomas F. Williams, Jr.
Jack Brown
Herbert Linwood Potts

P. H. S. CLASS 1935



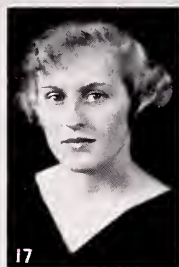
1. Shirley Ann Steph
2. Mary Hargrave Bo
3. Janice Ramsey Ye
4. Jane Sydnor Ellis



5. Haney Hardy Bell
6. Louise Harrison Ph
7. Martha Lee Madisc
8. Sebia Dunn Meach
9. Charles L. Guthrie



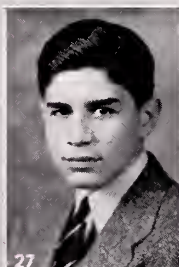
10. Worthington Romai
11. Kathleen F. Lefeb
12. Ellen Heath Parsor
13. Mary Willis O'Farr
14. Samuel Goode Jone



15. Charles H. Cuthbe
16. Mary Davis Hardis
17. Mary Virginia Coo
18. Jean Van Landings
19. Robert Fortescue W



20. John Ritchie Harwe
21. James Harrison Po
22. Clerimond C. Gillia
23. Gerald Ashburn Dre
24. D'Arcy W. Roper, I



25. William H. Alexand
26. Alfred Morgan Ruc
27. Robert Louis Jame
28. John Gilliam Berna
29. James Harrison Wil

The Missile

◆ P.H.S. ◆

Class Poem

By Mary Boisseau

We stand with lifted eyes
That seek the future skies
Upon these steps that years have fashioned
 dear.

Though discontent did touch
Our hearts at times too much
No matter now, the way ahead is clear.

And though we've but begun
Our journey to the sun,
It none the less has shown its glowing
 face.

What though the inbetween
Shall often useless seem,
The dawn is here and we have found a
 place.

The right to try is ours
Ahead lie endless powers
That shall not cease to fill the flaming sky.
Our lives, now young and bold,
Are ours alone to mold—
The world will ever welcome those who try.

And oft in days to come,
Our thoughts will backward run
To live again the golden days of youth:
How dear this school will seem,
Where first we learned to dream
And found a love for knowledge and for
 truth.

History of the February Class

By Mary Willis O'Farrell



OW THAT our school days, the days that we have often been told were the happiest days of our life, are drawing to a close, I do not think it would be amiss to cast our thoughts backwards to our first day of school. That is a very important day in every child's life . . . second only to graduation.

When our February class of 1935 reached the Junior High we can all remember how very proud we felt and thought then, indeed, the time had come to put away childish things. We were there for three happy years "in full content, unanxious for ourselves," but when we reached Petersburg High School our smug confidence in ourselves began to wane as we advanced in our classes. And when we reached the Senior class we realized that we were "mighty small potatoes and many in a row."

The February class worked hard and in its achievements kept up the standard of the Petersburg High School. Among so many outstanding honors times does not permit me to go into the details of each and every one, but I should like to call your attention to two of the most important activities: athletics and "The Missile." Our football team has indeed put Petersburg on the map. The honors won by the 1934 football squad are a matter of history, or I might say national history, for when a paper like "The Richmond Times-Dispatch" sends "orchids to Petersburg" we know we have attained the enviable. The class of 1935 is very proud of giving Eric Tipton to Petersburg High. Eric Tipton was captain of the 1934 football squad and also captain of the 1934 baseball and basketball teams. He was also president of the Athletic Association. Harrison Willcox, Ben Kinsey, and Herbert Mann displayed great ability on the football field. Our 1934 football team was very successful by losing only one out of twelve games played and that loss firmly believed to be due to injuries of seven regulars. Then came a thrilling climax, the post-season game with Baldwin High of New York.

Ben Kinsey was captain of the 1934 golf team and Harrison Willcox was also a member of the team.

The girls of our class also did well in athletics. Alice Dixon, Martha Lee Madison, Marian Procise, and Daisy Dean Smith re-

ceived letters for work in the hockey field, and Daisy Dean Smith was manager of the team.

Alice Dixon and Daisy Dean Smith also received letters for basketball, the latter having been manager.

Our class also took a great interest in "The Missile," our school magazine. Jane Ellis and Kevie Kevan were on the staff of "The Missile" in 1932, the first year we went to high school. Jane Ellis was assistant editor in 1933. Robert Whittle was editor-in-chief in 1934, with Janes Ellis, Mary Boisseau, and William Kevan as assistant editors. Daisy Dean Smith and Charlotte Spain were assistant business managers.

Under the 1934 staff "The Missile" received high honors. In a nation-wide scholastic press contest "The Missile" was awarded medalist honors, the highest award possible, including the permanent possession of a gold medal for high journalistic excellence.

Ben Kinsey was editor of the "School Weekly News" during his 4L term, and every member of the class at some time or other wrote for the paper.

Mary Boisseau and Shirley Stevens were on the Senior Committee with Jane Ellis as chairman.

We also had some good debaters in our class. Jane Ellis, Shirley Stevens, and Kevie Kevan were on the school debating team.

Our 1935 class was well represented in the Daniel, the Miller, and the Page, the three literary societies of the school. Kevie Kevan was president of the Page Society in 1934, Robert Whittle, vice-president, and Shirley Ann Stevens, secretary. Mary Boisseau was secretary-treasurer of the Miller Society and Daisy Dean Smith was vice-president.

Many from our class were members of the Square Circle and the O. G. Club, two societies of the school. Mary Boisseau, Jane Ellis, Martha Lee Madison, Sebia Meacham, and Shirley Ann Stevens were in the Square Circle. Sebia Meacham was secretary of the Square Circle in 1934. Daisy Dean Smith and Charlotte Spain were members of the O. G. Club.

Our class took a keen interest in Dramatics. Shirley Ann Stevens, John David Jordan, Jr., Edwin Balch, and Phillip Twitchell were in "Dulcy," the class play.

In conclusion I hope our beloved teachers of the Petersburg High School will keep in their hearts a little memory of the February Class of 1935, "for to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

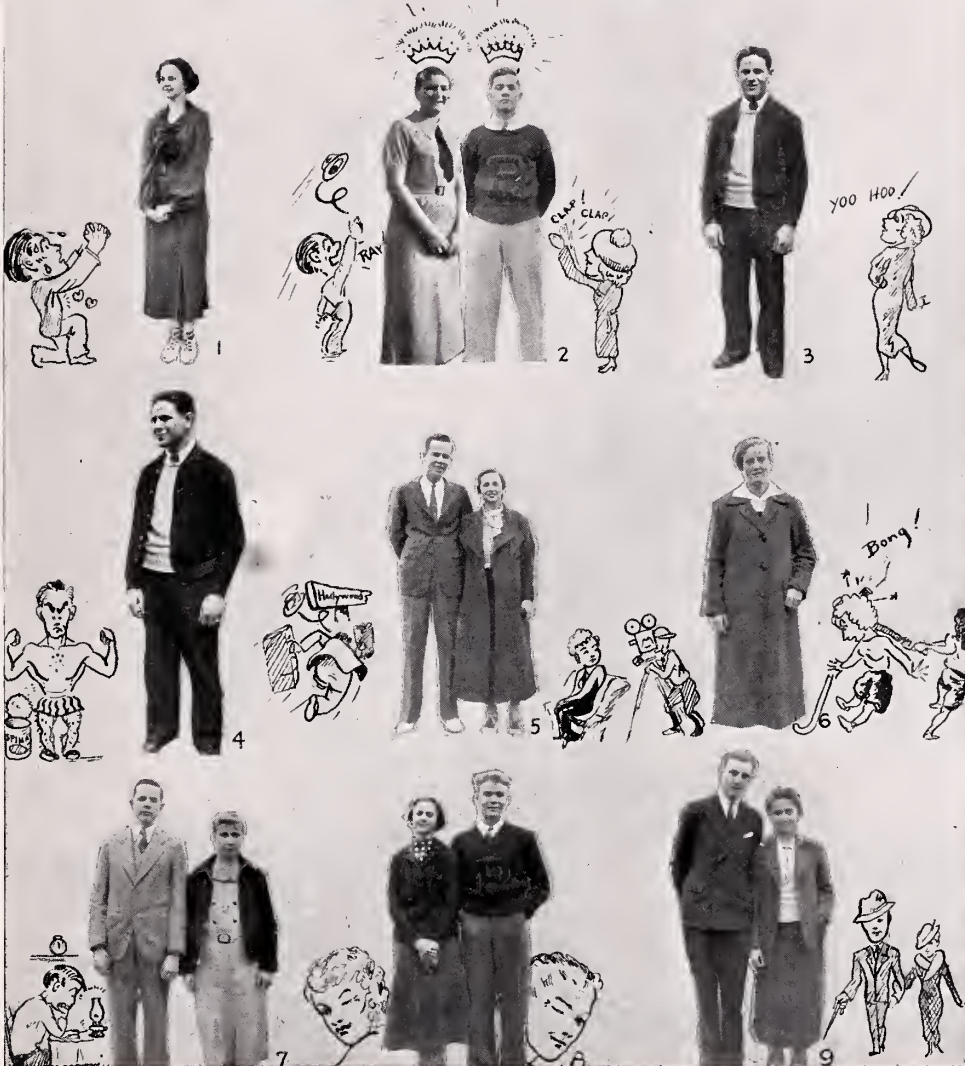
To Life

By John D. Jordan, Jr.

Uncertain dreams and airy hopes so light
Confuse the view before me, as I strive
And seek to bring together scattered thoughts
Of life and work and Future's mystery;
In spite of all I've done, in Fortune's face
I see no smile of friendliness or love
To comfort me. Instead she casts a frown
Of stern and ominous import, and I turn
Away. It is too much. I cannot bear
To face the long and perilous task before
Me. Life is hard; I am not strong; I stand
Alone . . . alone? no, not alone: for in
The darkest moment of despair and gloom
I feel the touch of one kind hand and hear
A voice of strength and comfort in my ear—
On wings of joy I rise to heights unknown
Before. I am not here for naught; I have
A task to do before I die—it must
Be done or else the great and mighty plan
Goes unfulfilled—no one, however small,
Escapes the task that's set before him. Once
He's here he must perform his work, though all
The world ignores his small and feeble strength:
For in the misty distance gleaming bright
And like the softly shining stars that come
So suddenly from out the depths of sky,
These words so hoped for and so dear to me
Are fixed upon my mind through all of life:
"Thy work, thou good and faithful servant is
Well done: Thou hast been faithful over few
Things; I shall make thee ruler over many."

HOO'S HOO

in the class of '35



(1) Most Popular Girl, Clerimond Gilliam; (2) Best All-round Boy and Girl, Daisy Dean Smith and Raymond Belcher; (3) Most Popular Boy, Eric Tipton; (4) Most Athletic Boy, Eric Tipton; (5) Best Looking Boy and Girl, Val Parham and Louise Purdy; (6) Most Athletic Girl, Jean VanLandingham; (7) Most Studious Boy and Girl, Marvin White and Mary Carr; (8) Biggest Flirts, Clerimond Gilliam and Gerald Drake; (9) Best-Dressed Boy and Girl, Morgan Rucker and Helen Levitt.



THE FACULTY

History of the June Class

By Esther Lavenstein



THE GRADUATING class of June 1935 was well represented in all fields of student activity.

The rolls of the literary societies contained the names of many members of this class. William Alexander served as president of the Daniel Society; Milton Hull was vice-president and Clerimond Gilliam was secretary-treasurer. Mary Rogers was secretary and treasurer of the Page society.

Four members of this year's debating team were June graduates: Virginia Cook, Charlotte Snead, Mary Rogers, and James Reese.

Mary Davis Hardison was president of the Dramatic Club; Milton Hull served as vice-president. The secretary was Charlotte Snead; the treasurer, Morgan Rucker.

The cast of the Senior class play, which was said to have been the best ever given by the school, boasted of such able players as Mary Davis Hardison, Morgan Rucker, Kay Kohler, Raymond Belcher, Clerimond Gilliam, Milton Hull, and Gibson Seward.

Raymond Belcher was president of the Hi-Y Club, and Morgan Rucker was secretary and treasurer.

The Odd Girls Club had at its head Katherine Zirkle, whose excellent leadership made the club one of outstanding importance in the Petersburg High School.

Louise Purdy presided over the Square Circle Club, and Delia Harrison, a former secretary, was more recently vice-president.

In the Student Council Raymond Belcher represented the Athletic Association, and Katherine Zirkle the various societies in the school. Charles Guthrie was president of this organization. William Alexander, Marie Alperin, and Sterling Donahoe were members of the recently organized Auxiliary Council.

During the fall semester of 1934 Charles Guthrie and Charles Cuthbert edited the "School Weekly News."

The success of "The Missile" was partly due to the efforts

of its able staff. James Reese, who first served at the head of the circulation department, was editor-in-chief of the two most recent issues. Worthington Romaine headed the circulation staff, Katherine Mirkle, the business staff, and Esther Lavenstein, Marie Johnson, Jessebell Nash, Blanche Davis and Charles Cuthbert were also members of the staff.

Jean Van Landingham, Virginia Cook, Ruth Wawner, and Kay Lefebvre were outstanding in girls' athletics.

A number of boys in the June class will be remembered for their prominence in athletics. Among these are: Raymond Belcher, William Alexander, William DeNubila, William Spencer, Clarence Whelan, Joseph Whelan and Gerald Drake.

Upon leaving the Petersburg High School, the June class, whose history is a creditable one, hopes that future classes will do even more to uphold the excellent standards which were established by our predecessors.



Meditations

By Jane Ellis

Prayer at Spring

God, give me power to say what's in my heart;
 It's very full, and each throb seems to say
 That it will burst unless I find some way
 To pour out all it holds, to let depart
 From my tortured soul without delay,
 In words of depth and power, that which would
 pay
 Meet homage to this beauty, this sharp dart
 That pierced my very soul. How can you give
 The Spring, the languid scented airs, and, higher,
 The depthless blues of sky, new living green—
 Such beauties in a world where we must live—
 And then deny the words, the voice, the lyre
 To sing the glories of the things we've seen?

Wisdom

I know I'll learn some day to be more wise
 Than now. I'll learn that laughing, friendly
 eyes
 Can hold deceit, and treachery, and lies.

I'll find, in the name of prudence, that I need
 To count the cost ere any generous deed—
 That more than right, conventions I must heed.

And life will take my dearest dreams from me
 And leave instead of them cold eyes to see
 The dreadful harshness of reality.

Oh, life will give me all this bitter truth
 At last. And then I will have lost . . . my youth.

Sun Tans

By Virginia Cook



HAVE YOU ever thought just how much a really nice sun tan means to a person, how many long, trying hours are spent getting one? I bet you have. I'd like to see the person who hasn't tried or at least who has not longingly yearned for one.

One of the first persons who come into my mind when I try to picture a perfect sun tan is one of these big, broad-shouldered, footballish looking lifeguards at sea resorts. Oh, the time they must spend on them, the oils and lotions they must secretly apply to attain them! These bronzed heroes naturally have an advantage over most of us, for generally their sole means of living during those wonderful months of June, July, and August comes from lolling in the sun.

There's always one lovely thing about a nice sun tan, though. No matter how many hours one almost broils in the sun, how many times you've been so sore you could hardly move, or how many bottles of oils have been manipulated, you always have and always will have that wonderful, that utterly perfect feeling of satisfaction when that new brown coat is acquired.

There are quite a few kinds of sun tans, as we all know. For instance, there is the kind that just naturally comes from being in the sun a lot, and that's all there is to it. This kind is, as a rule, the smoothest and brownest and, of course, the most envied. Then there's that other kind, the fiery red coat; this, incidentally, is the kind I always manage to keep throughout the summer . . . the coat that, no matter how much systematic work or guaranteed tanning lotions are made use of, always remains a beet-red.

I really believe the most pleasure one gets from having a nice coat of tan is the fun of comparing it with those paler specimens. The real joy lies here.

One may think that it requires endless hours to acquire a beautiful tan, but just think of the time we spend during the winter months wishing that we'd never basked beneath old Sol. We really think it goes just lovely with our summer costumes, but have you ever found anyone who felt the same way about its harmonizing with one's winter outfits? Oh, of course, if it



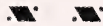
"THE MISSILE" STAFF



has been obtained during the winter months in Florida, that's an entirely different proposition.

I've declared, I know, a hundred times this winter that I'll never again get sunburned, but just watch me next summer.

Let's try to find some really sound reasons for getting these coveted coats. Well, I can't find any honest-to-goodness sensible reasons, but there must be some. I think I shall leave this up to you, for I've always believed it was a matter of individual taste and opinion.



Onward

By Morton Townsend

Footsore and weary I stop to rest
Beneath the shade of a tree;
I look back over the road I've walked;
Only tops of the hills I see.

Though slowly I've traveled along this road,
I've made some little way,
And though I see more hills to climb,
I will arrive some day.

As I walk alone this road of life
That leads to my heart's desire,
The strength I've gained in coming this far
Will furnish the strength I require.

The Obsession

By Esther Lavenstein

“PATIENT doing well, Dr. Hart?” the nurse asked as the surgeon closed the door of room 517 behind him.



“Yes, thank you. As a matter of fact he just informed me that he feels entirely well again. I don’t have to worry about him any longer,” he answered complacently.

“Hard case? I’m on duty upstairs, so I haven’t heard what’s going on down here,” she explained.

“On the contrary,” the doctor stated emphatically, “it’s undoubtedly the most interesting case I have handled in a long time. That fellow’s story is worth hearing. He came to me last week with a friend who is studying medicine. You have probably seen the friend—a small, boobish looking chap. It was he who told me Fred Gordon’s history.

“Gordon’s father runs a farm in the South, and it is likely that the boy never left it until he went off to the state university. This was his last year there. His father was able to give him very little help, so it was necessary that he retain a night position of some kind. His was a very strenuous existence, but being a brilliant chap and a studious one, he managed well enough.

“A fellow reared on a farm would naturally find living in a cramped room in a crowded dormitory very tiring, but in fine weather Gordon would leave his classes and walk to a place a short distance beyond the campus to study in the open. Late one afternoon about three months ago he returned from his favorite haunt and rushed into his room shouting, “There’s a bee in my head!”

“When he had calmed down, he told a group of his friends that while he was studying a bee had flown into his ear. It hadn’t come out, and he could hear it buzzing in his head. It was driving him insane, he said.

“The university physicians told Gordon that, as a result of mental exhaustion, he was suffering from hallucinations; he merely laughed at their diagnosis. For a while his friends paid little attention to Gordon’s ravings; then they could scarcely ignore the fact that Gordon didn’t eat, that he paced the floors at night instead of sleeping, and, what was most amazing, that

he hardly looked at his books. He constantly complained of 'that infernal buzzing' in his head.

"Finally his roommate, the fellow who is with him now, realized that unless something were done for Gordon, he'd waste away to nothing. He must be very wealthy to be able to afford such an expensive friendship. (Personally I think he feels more curiosity than friendship for young Gordon, but that is beside the point). Over two months ago he took Fred Gordon to Philadelphia to see a renowned specialist, who examined Gordon thoroughly and told him to stop acting like a fool. I'll wager that half of the doctors in Philadelphia examined him, and they all gave him the same advice.

"All the while my young patient was growing worse and worse. His friend told me that Gordon used to sit in their hotel room for hours, his eyes closed, listening to the humming of the bee. Often he would ask him if the noise was annoying him, too.

"From Philadelphia they went to New York; there Gordon underwent more examinations and heard over and over again, 'It's your imagination.' By that time Gordon was ready to give up and go back to his father's farm, where he would spend the rest of his days listening to the bee's humming; the still generous friend, however, insisted that they try Chicago as the last resort. First they went to Dr. Johnson at the City Hospital. He gave them no satisfaction, so they came here.

"I talked with Gordon for quite a while. He was pitifully thin, and his eyes looked tired; the boy couldn't seem to keep his hands still for a minute. When he told me about the noise in his head, he became almost hysterical and kept shouting at me, 'I can't stand it any longer! I can't! I can't!' After I had talked with his friend, I gave him a brief examination; then I told him I couldn't understand how the other men he had seen could have failed to detect the insect. Immediately the boy grew calmer, and when I told him to come back this morning and I'd operate, he was almost happy.

"When he came this morning, I had his head shaved; then we gave him chloroform. I barely scratched his scalp, and when my job was done, I swathed his head in bandages. I was in his room when he came out of the anaesthetic a little while ago, and I showed him the bee.

"The boy smiled rather weakly and placing a lean finger on his forehead, said, 'You didn't have to show me that, sir. I know it; I'm well!'"

"The Missile"

Here the doctor paused, and a broad grin spread over his face. "If you go into his room, you'll see a bee in a tube on the table by his bed. I gave my son ten cents to catch it for me this morning."

.X .X

Poems

By Josephine Roper

Ideals

We walk, but never can we gain.
We strive and strain with all our
might.
In distance they remain the same,
Horizons ever clear in sight.

Thus ideals wing their way above,
And soar aloft to regions high.
They cannot be attained by us,
It matters not how hard we try.

Crocus

Cautiously you raise your head
Stealthily from my flower bed.
Bravest of all the mighty host,
Your courage you may truly boast.
Arrayed in royal colors bright
Of purple and gold and purest white,
It's hardly practical, I'd say,
For spies like you to be so gay;
For all the ground is dark around,
And did you think you'd not be
found?
But go, dear Crocus, and tell the rest
To follow you at my request.



THE SQUARE CIRCLE



O. G. CLUB

In the Beginning

By Milton Hull



HIS, my friends, is written on very good paper and the origin of that age-old custom, "kissing." Ah, you perk up your ears . . . yes?

But no, the kiss cannot be called a custom. A custom rides the crest of popularity for a while like a fad, then dies out. But not the kiss. It is eternally in good favor.

Perhaps the reason for its popularity throughout the ages is that maybe it is one of those instincts engraved on our infant brains when we make our grand entree into our present habitat.

Undoubtedly there are different kinds of kisses, ranging from candy to those scenes seen in "movies" and there only, as far as I know.

Of course you're acquainted with the sort politicians bestow hastily upon some soft infant cheek saying, "Ah, little man, I can count on your mother's vote, can't I?"

To which maybe you've heard the perambulator-pusher reply, "I'm not his mother, and besides he ain't a he . . . he's a she!"

Then there was once a time when gentlemen kissed milady's hand, the idea being to prove he was a gentleman by kissing unhesitatingly the profered hand, showing his implicit faith that the lady had washed her hands.

And once men kissed their lord's foot as a sign of their respect and servility. Somehow or another the motive became twisted so that now one says "kiss my foot!" only when driven to extremes and is profoundly disgusted.

May I ask if it forcibly occurs to you that I might have picked a subject I knew something about? It occurs to me, very forcibly, and although maybe it doesn't worry you, it worries me because I have to keep on writing and you don't.

Yes, I'm afraid it's too apparent I'm not an authority on my subject. I cannot even explain its fascination to the human race, only offering lamely that it probably is an instinct. Truly, to me my theme is as unknown as "X."

I'm not the first to call it "X," so maybe nobody knows

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much about it. Everybody puts "X's" at the bottom of love letters meaning "kisses."

Now, after proving I know nothing worthwhile about the subject itself, let me show I also know nothing about its origin. Yes, nothing, or, that is, nothing definite. I'll admit I have a theory. I'll tell it to you, and if it were true it certainly would prove its early appearance into history, for you see, this story goes all the way back to Eden.

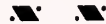
* * * * *

One morning in very early summer way back there, a beautiful pearl pink dawn awakened the world. The air was very soft and the rising sun warmed the earth and made the cool dew glisten.

Theirs were great and beautiful loves Eve's love for Adam, and Adam's love for Eve.

This morning, with Eden so blissful and the soft air so restful, they were silent, gazing at each other with love in their eyes. And they were very happy.

Eve plucked a fragrant flower and idly tickled Adam's lips with its petals. A drop of dew and nectar was left on Adam's lips, and it sparkled in the sun. Eve leaned over and sucked its sweetness so quite by accident they made this delightful discovery, in a perfect setting one summer morning in Eden.



Thoughts on the Winds

By Kay Lefebvre

The Night Wind

On a broken seat in a garden old,
We sat in the hush of a summer night
Beneath the myrtle trees;
The moon above us skipped and rolled,
Then danced behind the clouds in fright,
In the wake of a gentle breeze.

A fretful wind about us played—
 A rush and a lull, a hush, then a rush;
 Beneath the myrtle trees;
 A wind that puffed and then delayed,
 And frisked around the lilac bush,
 In the wake of a gentle breeze.

A sweet perfume was wafted 'round,
 A gust from fragrant orchard blooms,
 Beneath the myrtle trees;
 The scent of grass and damper ground,
 An aroma of wanton roses' fumes,
 In the wake of a gentle breeze.

An airy draft from the stable-yard,
 A sluggish stench to the garden brings,
 Beneath the myrtle trees;
 A sportive eddy with slight regard,
 A lily sways and other things,
 In the wake of a gentle breeze.

The Flower

I found a ragged wildflower,
 Faded and crushed and old,
 Pressed between the leaves
 Of this book, long forgotten,
 Dusty and edged with mold.

I thought of a past romance,
 The love that this flower begot;
 A boy and a girl who quarreled
 A minute's mad hate was storming
 And ardor, turned cold, was forgot.

This flower-like love had faded,
 And the scent was too stickily sweet;
 As I lifted it out of the pages
 The wind, like a memory, stirred it,
 And it crumpled and lay at my feet.

Lines and Such

By Clerimond Gilliam



ELLO," said Joan Lewis in an expectant voice; "Oh yes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick." This time she sounded a little disappointed, for she had expected a call from Bill. "Of course I remember Ken. He's coming here for this week-end? Well, that's just fine. Tell him to come to the dance Friday night at the Silver Swan Tavern, and I'll see that he meets everybody. Oh, not at all. Yes'm. Well, good-bye."

With a sigh, Joan put the receiver back in place and strolled back to the chair she had left. "Imagine me," she said complainingly to Mutt, the dog, "just imagine me with that droop on my hands spoiling what would have been a supreme evening." Having it all off her mind, she lapsed into a gloomy silence, moodily surveying the prospect.

Suddenly the phone rang again. "Well," she mused, "what on earth could that darned Mrs. Kirkpatrick want now? Hullo; oh, hi, Bill! I'd love it. They say it's the most divine picture, too.

"Guess who I thought you were . . . Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Well, you see, her darling nephew is coming to town for the week-end. Yeah, that same dumb, freckle-faced guy. You'll have to introduce him to everybody. H'm-m. Well, see you in a little while."

Two days later our heroine, attired in a new evening gown, felt much better. She executed a little dance step before the mirror, dabbed a little more powder on her nose, and ran the comb through her auburn hair once more. This important feat accomplished, she went downstairs to the living room where Bill Howard was awaiting her arrival rather impatiently.

"Hello, femme," he said, grinning good-naturedly. "Were you ever ready on time?"

"Of course, nut. Remember that time when" They both laughed, as this waiting was a constant joke between them.

On the way to the dance, Joan referred several times to Ken, asking if he was still as funny as ever. The person addressed managed to evade answering, a thing the curious girl did not notice particularly.

Arriving at last at the Silver Swan, Bill opened the door for Joan. Just as she entered, she heard a voice exclaim, "Here



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comes my dream girl! Why if it isn't Freckles, grown up with high heels 'n long dresses 'n everything!"

"Heavens, Bill . . . is this Ken? It can't be. Why—why!" Joan managed to recover from her shock and went up to Ken saying, "So you do remember me. I'm Joan Lewis, of course."

"Yeah," replied the canny male, "you're the same red-headed, long-legged kid who lived on the next block from my aunt's house, but how you've changed! It's too good to be true."

Struggling, Joan recalled that her date was, after all, standing beside her. When she looked at him, he was glaring at Ken as if murder would be the greatest pleasure. "Come on, Bill. See you, Freckles."

She hastened to the dressing room where all the girls were singing Ken's praises, particularly one of Joan's rivals, Babs Jones.

"Divine," she was saying. "If there's anything I love, it's blonde hair and brown eyes. So rare, you know."

Joan went out, determined to beat Babs at least, even if she had expected a gawky-looking lad instead of this answer to a maiden's prayer. She and Bill began dancing and had hardly started when Ken cut in.

"Hello, Red Head," he said in an intimate whisper. Joan gulped. For some reason this boy was different from the others she had known.

"Hi, Freckles," she replied, seemingly quite calm. "By the way, where are those freckles? They are about all I remember, and now . . ."

"Oh, I use that wonderful beauty cream. You know, the one with the lavender ribbon on the package?"

"Really? It's had grand results."

"You've changed lots, Red. Your eyes . . . did you always have those same ones?" Then some one cut in. For all the gardenias in the world, Joan couldn't have said five minutes later who it was, and she loved gardenias.

The next two hours were full of dances with people she hardly glanced at, punctuated now and then by a scowling Bill and a smiling, debonair Ken. By intermission she had decided Ken was the world's most marvelous boy. She could scarcely bear to leave the dance and was deeply engrossed in thoughts of Ken a large part of the time. Having consumed the usual soft drink and sandwich, she returned to the dance with her head in the clouds.

Events went on as before with Ken and Bill vying for the

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honors. Ken had the most flattering way of talking. He would come and say, "Hello again, you beautiful kid. Can't you tell this boy friend of yours to slack down? I can't stand all this competition. Honest, honey, it's breaking my heart."

"He's so sweet," Joan was thinking once while dancing with some unidentified boy. Then, quite close beside her, she heard a voice, very familiar now: "Hello, you beautiful kid," it was saying. For a moment she thought he was breaking her. Then turning, she saw him smiling at Babs Jones (of all people) in that same charming way. Everything seemed to collapse, and she could scarcely continue to dance. Her movements were entirely automatic.

Then she began to get angry. To think Ken Kirkpatrick had the nerve to hand her his old line which he was probably using all over the floor. The thing that hurt her pride so was that she had believed him.

Bill cut in, and just as he did, Joan began to laugh. Seeing him look at her as if she were crazy, she tried to stop, but did not succeed.

"What the heck's wrong with you tonight? Am I so dumb compared to this foreign matter in our midst?"

"Don't be silly. Oh, 'course not. I've just realized how dumb I am."

"Let's go, Joan," said Bill pleadingly. "It's only about ten more minutes before the thing breaks up."

"Oke. Just a minute." Joan threaded her way through the crowd to the place where Ken was standing by the orchestra, surveying the crowd with a smug grin on his face.

"Well, Ken, swell to have seen you again."

"You're not going, Beautiful Kid?" he asked incredulously.

"Really, Ken," retorted Joan, "why don't you brush up on your line a little? It's right moth-eaten to pull in a place like this." With this parting crack, she turned and left him staring dumbfoundedly after her.

"I'm ready, Bill," Joan said. "We can go now."

Thoughts on a New World War

By Worthington Romaine

The clouds of War again o'er Europe roll,
When scarcely have the din and smoke and
dust

Subsided, taking homes and lives, their toll,
From fields of strife inspired by greed and
lust.

Depression, with its fears and want, has come,

An aftermath of horror glorified,

And stifled industry till it was numb;

That numbness even yet not put aside.

And now because "Il Duce's" pride is harmed

By Hitler's too ambitious words; alack,

Men by thousands stand already armed,

Their fellow men all anxious to attack.

God give us strength, lest we be blindly led,

Forgetful, through a hell we've learned to dread!

Audacious May

By Josephine Roper



UDACIOUS is a lovely word. I like it because it so perfectly describes our maid, May. She is a most mild, submissive somebody. Then too, she is an excellent cook and quiet as a mouse; in fact, she never speaks unless spoken to and then so low you can't hear what she says and have to ask over.

"Really," you say, "'audacious' is hardly the word to describe May. Try again." But, "still water runs deep," they say, and May is still water. Way down deep you wonder what is going on in her mind. Somehow, you have a feeling that she is not on the level with you and is trying to "do" you all she can in little things, but little things mount up.

May is very fond of the colored boy next door. He seems to return her fondness, for he likes to stand under the kitchen window and serenade her. She has been sick for several days, and we have had to do our own work. The following note we found under the kitchen table:

"Ain't know bodie running know boarding house ovēr heah. I am sorry so don't ask me 'cause I told you just now I didn't have any thing cook and I still ant got anything cook. Miss Emma feed you this morning. Know I can't are ford to feed you every morning you work for Miss Emma let Miss Emma feed you some times. if you work over heah of corse you would get big eating, ha, ha. I don't think so I Know I am I am so slick till I am slick as ice I am going cause I can heah Miss Emma walking and Mrs. has got up so I am going get busy."

All of which leaves the impression that, although she remained firm on that one morning, there were other mornings when that had not been the case. May feels herself exceedingly clever in pulling the wool over our eyes. She does not realize that she has left a few holes big enough for us to see through quite clearly.

Why, only yesterday she wrote a note saying she was still very weak but she would try to be back at work soon. In the meantime would we mind sending her by the colored boy her red dress and black shoes? Really, do you not agree that that was audacity itself? And just to think we sent the red dress and the black shoes. I do hope she enjoys the party, but in the future she had better be careful, for another straw, I fear, will be the last.



MILLER SOCIETY



HLY CLUB

Dream Ships

By Lula Wyndham

They talk of a wonder ship of gold,
And when it comes they say
They'll buy more than they'll ever hold
And play both night and day.
They say that they'll have gorgeous cars,
And mansions; pools within,
And clothes and yachts and cocktail
bars
When their ship comes in.

I also hope for a wonder ship
Whose sails shall be snowy white;
It's the kind the storms shall never
rip;
It's the feeling of good and right.
My ship shan't sail on a watery sea
But shall come from the blue above;
The ship I hope God gives to me
Is one of his ships called Love.

Faithful

By James Reese



URING the French and Indian War at the siege of a French fort in the Ohio Valley, the American cause was saved by the valor of a subordinate officer.

It was a cold moonless night of late October after all but one of the camp fires had burned out and were smouldering, lingering on in vain existence.

Two lone figures sat opposite each other gazing into the unseen depths of the flickering fire, deep in thought.

At length a voice broke the silence, “Westly, their powder base must be destroyed. We’ve got to capture that fort and we can’t continue the siege much longer. Winter will cut us short. I want you to enter the fort and destroy the supply.”

The younger man’s head snapped up. With a quick, “Yes, sir,” he rose to his feet and slowly walked away, following his shadow ever retreating on the narrow path.

He followed the path down to the spring, then up the hill on the opposite side to where his blankets were spread on the new fallen leaves. Reaching between the folds he pulled out a short Indian bow and a quiver of arrows that he had placed there to be protected from the moisture. After picking up a rope he exchanged his boots for moccasins and slipped quietly off into the night in the direction of the fort.

Coming to the edge of the woods he sensed rather than saw the broad open clearing, the stockade standing in the middle, and sentinels with deadly guns peering through the darkness at him. He sensed this and, dropping to his knees, he started the long cautious crawl across the field, between stumps, and over roots to the stockade walls.

He crawled on, and as the first few logs of the fort loomed out of the dark, he dropped flat and lay motionless, scanning the top ridge for a guard. But he saw none. With even more caution than before he slid along inches at a time, pausing every few feet to look at the stockade.

But still there were no sentinels. Were these people crazy, or were they so confident that they did not need any warning of attack? With increased safety he crawled forward, reached the foot of the massive log fence, and rising he remained for a moment frozen to the wall of the fort.

Then quickly he unwrapped the rope from around his waist, and with an accurate throw, he looped it over the spiked end of a log. In silent effort, he pulled himself to the top, and with a racing heart he dropped to the firing platform on the other side.

Unseen in the darkness, a triumphant smile passed over his face. He was inside, safe, unharmed, undetected. Now to find the powder house. That was his object.

Jumping from the platform, he landed softly on the hard packed ground below, but before he could catch his balance and gain his feet again, he felt the prick of a bayonet in his side. "Don't move!" rang in his ears, and in his veins his blood ran cold. He relaxed his body submissively. Inwardly he cursed himself. What a fool he had been. Here he was surrounded, caught in a trap. All around him he saw French soldiers who had loomed from nowhere out of the dark.

Bewildered, he accompanied them despairingly into the dark.

* * * * *

Dawn, with the pure cold atmosphere of late autumn brought him no peace as he stood, a prisoner, gazing from the top window of his two-story prison house.

He saw soldiers rushing hurriedly from the nearby powder house to the walls of the stockade carrying ammunition, guns, and supplies. Officers barked orders. Sharpshooters took their places on the firing platform. Everything was in preparation. Westly knew that they were getting ready for an attack. He also knew that because he had failed in his duty the assault would undoubtedly be checked.

Resigned, he threw himself on the cot, and lying in a stupor, he awaited the first shot that would announce the attack.

Suddenly his eyes rested on the ornament which decorated the wall over the mantel . . . a bow with two blunt squirrel arrows crossed above it; harmless indeed as weapons, but in them he saw a chance.

Quickly he took the bow from the wall and slipped the string into place. Then he loosed one of the arrows, and tearing off a piece of sheet from the bedding on the cot, he bound it securely to the end of the arrow.

Crossing the room he snatched the wick from the shallow vessel which served as a lamp and soaked the rag with oil. By this time he was fairly shaking with excitement. Dashing to

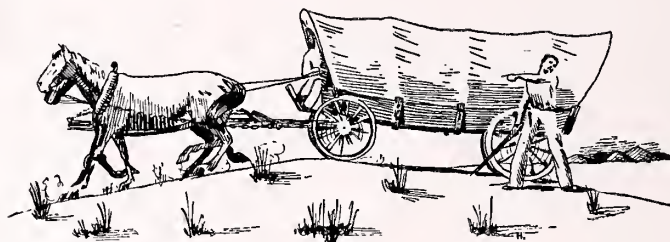
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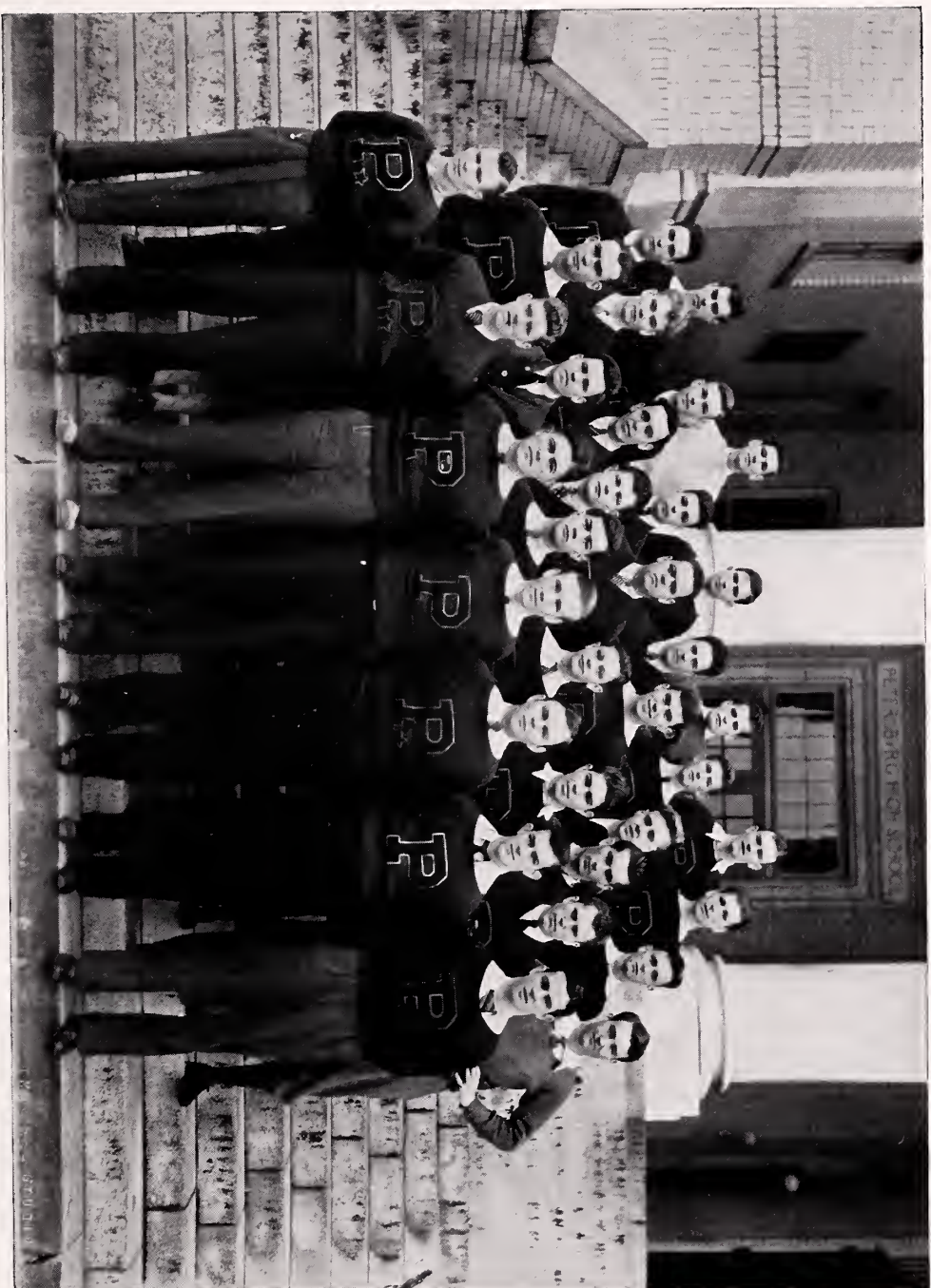
the window, and kneeling down he struck fire to the arrow with his flint and steel.

With the firebrand burning close to his hand, he drew the bow back, and judging the distance, he let the missile fly straight to the open door of the powder house scarcely fifty yards away.

He saw it whiz by the guard at the door and strike the loose powder on the floor. He saw the small flames shoot fast to the main supply. Then, with one resounding crash, the whole structure parted and flew into the air in a thousand pieces.

The very house that he was in shuddered and rocked. The beams groaned, the roof cracked and fell, and Westly dropped with it caught in the falling structure, happy even in death that he had not failed his command.





THE MONOGRAM CLUB



CHEER LEADERS

Symbols

Spring Dream

By Katherine Burton

Here comes a dream on silent feet;
Her light hair falls around her face,
And though her passing is so fleet,
Her gait is filled with charm and
grace.

Here in the meadow where she sent
Her cool spring breezes from the
sea,
Her flowers, each a different tint
Are bursting forth in bloom 'round
me.

And now she is so quickly gliding
From my view in her rapid flight,
As the girl of my dreams I see her
sliding
Into the shadows of the night.

Symbols

By Daphne Sherrod

The flowers are symbols of His love
And rain a blessing from above;
The hills, the birds, and streams that
flow
Are gifts of Him to us below.

The mountains are His towers of might
That loom above and out of sight;
The wind, His messenger on wing,
Blows gently, and the daisies sing.

A Midnight Ride

By Charles H. Cuthbert



HE DAY was a scorcher. Though it was still early in June, one of the season's hottest days was upon us. In the city that day the people were breathless, and old Sol was shining down on the closely-packed houses of the town with a torrid heat which, coupled with the humidity, gave one the impression that he was in the tropics.

After sweltering in the house all morning, I conceived the idea of going camping. I could just picture that good old swimming hole, with its deliciously cool water and the whole bunch playing tag around it. After contemplating the thought for some time, I finally mustered up my reserves and began to pack food and supplies for a protracted stay at our scout camp, located about four miles from town in the Camp Lee area.

On my arrival at camp I found the same conditions that existed in town; everybody was melting away, and only by occasional dips in our swimming pool were we able to survive the heat. Notwithstanding, the company was congenial, and we passed the time away pleasantly until nightfall. However, with the night came swarms of mosquitoes, which destroyed our peace of mind and finally drove us from the pool up the hill to the comparative peace of the heights.

After a light supper, four or five of us gathered around the cabin and began to swap stories. Ghost stories were the most popular. Nearly everyone of us had heard a good spook story and the competition among us was keen enough to produce some horror-inspiring tales. First there was a round of haunted houses, then a few episodes of the deserted cemetery type, and finally Tommy Johnson sent us all off the bed with the creeps by telling a story of a holdup that had happened way back in 1914 at Camp Shawandasee. The tale was well told, and as the scene was laid in a forest in Chesterfield County, it was not hard to picture the locale as the neighborhood of our camp. Shuddering and constantly looking over my shoulder to assure myself that a bandit hadn't just darted behind me, I made my way slowly off to bed, where I lay down and tried to go to sleep.

But sleep wouldn't come. The heat had again become oppressive, and another army of mosquitoes had descended upon

me to torture my existence. After tossing on the bed for several hours my inner soul rebelled against being slowly bled to death by hordes of mosquitoes, and I decided to go to town, where I could escape the insects if not the heat.

After dressing and straightening my stuff I got on my bicycle and rode slowly towards town. It was long after midnight and the moon had not yet risen. The first part of the ride was through a wood of scrub oak. The path was tortuous with twists and turns, but nothing happened that was very exciting, and I wondered how I had filled the neighborhood with bandits only a few hours earlier. After getting out on the highway the going was quite smooth and the wind kept me cool. I was peddling along by Lakemont at peace with the world when I suddenly saw someone on a bicycle coming down the road towards me. As the wheel passed me, I looked closely at it and made out two negroes on one wheel. They also looked closely at me, and after we had passed, turned their wheel around and started towards me. I glanced hurriedly back and saw that they were coming towards me and so I began going a little faster. However, when I went faster, they did too, and soon we were both going at top speed. I was getting frantic by this time, and as we flew along the deserted road I glanced hopefully at each roadhouse, wondering if I would have time to get into it before my pursuers caught me. But I discarded the idea and became even more terrified, and in my desperation I redoubled my efforts to go faster.

The negro boy who was pumping the wheel was standing up and giving it all he had, but he was handicapped by the weight of the other boy on the crossbar. I was also putting all I had into the pedals and slowly began to drop my pursuers behind. After leaving them a hundred yards in the rear my fears were calmer a little, but my speed never slackened. Every ten seconds I would look over my shoulder to see if they had gained any ground and then would renew my efforts to leave them behind.

Finally after riding about two miles on the highway I succeeded in getting a lead of nearly a quarter of a mile on them. By this time we were nearing the city limits, and I lost sight of the enemy for a while. When I did get into town, I slowed down a bit, but started paddling fast again after thinking that they might take advantage of the turns in the street and sneak up on me.

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Eventually I arrived home intact, but virtually in a state of exhaustion. My clothes were dripping wet, sweat was streaming down my arms and legs, and my mother told me my face was as white as a sheet. While I admit I was really scared that night, to this day I can't figure out why I ran from those negroes. They didn't say a word to me the whole trip and had nothing suspicious looking about them. But I bet a silver quarter that any of you would have taken to your heels under the same conditions.

■. ■.

Nature's Children

The Brook

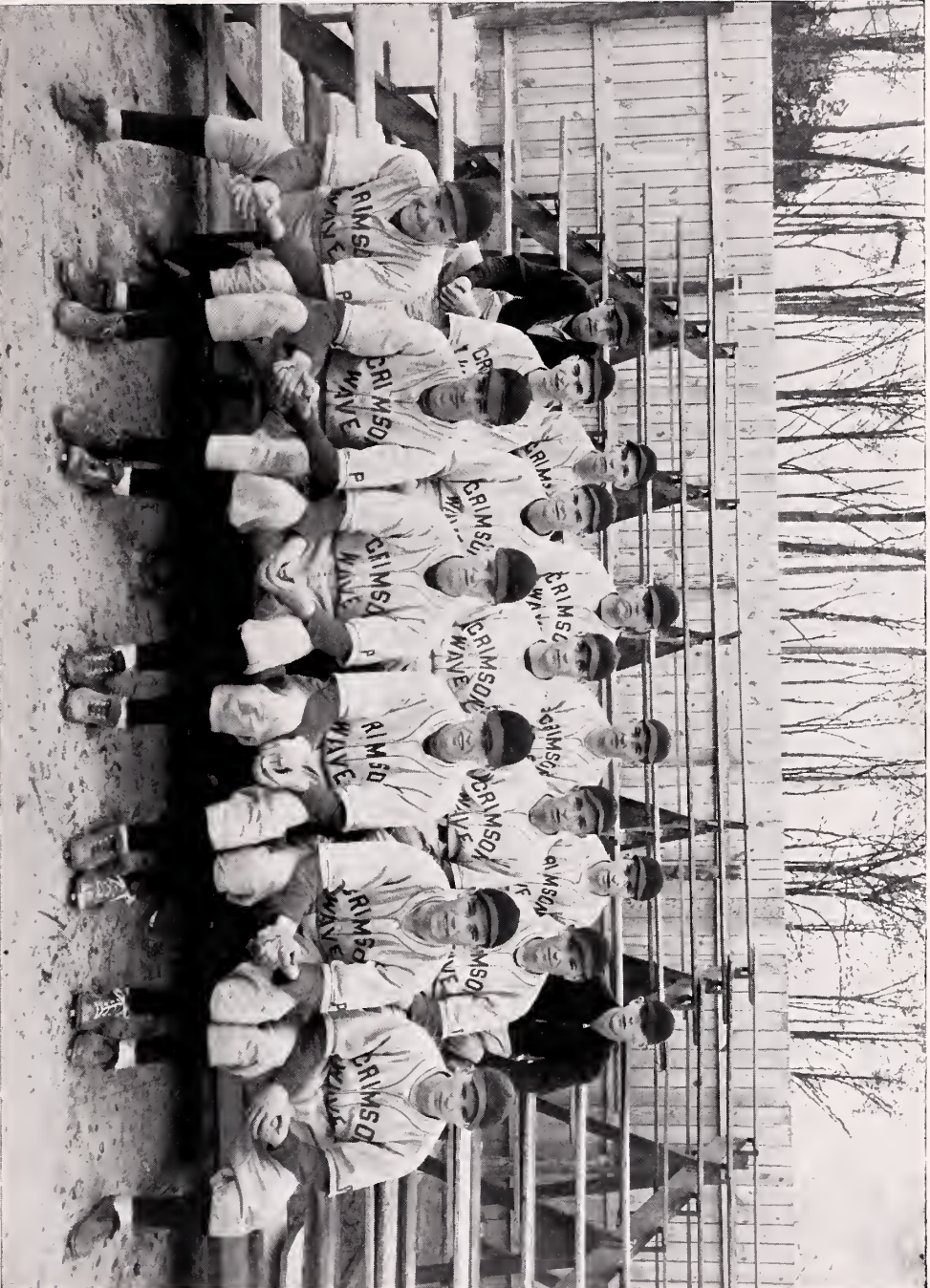
By Mary Carr

Ripple, ripple, down the hillside,
Little brook so bright and gay;
Nothing to do but flow and ripple
All the merry, livelong day.

"Nothing to do?" the brook seems to ask me;
"I?" it seems to say in surprise;
"I water grass and trees and flowers;
I really help a lot, for my size.

"I keep the grass on my banks green in
summer,
Bright flowers, too, bloom on my banks;
A great and tall and leafy oak tree
Higher than the others ranks."

Ripple, ripple, down the hillside,
But, little brook, I hear you say:
"I do more than flow and ripple
All the busy, livelong day."



BASEBALL TEAM



Winter Trees

By Haney Bell

Summer's verdure fast is fleeting
From the hills and valleys fair.
Winter winds and icy greetings
Seem to fill the frosty air.

Snow-capped trees their boughs are
bending
To the music of the breeze;
Suddenly, one hears them rending,
Rending, breaking, as they freeze.

Nature's way has never faltered
In her realm of man or tree;
Frozen hearts must yet be altered
If one's life be full and free.

Rain

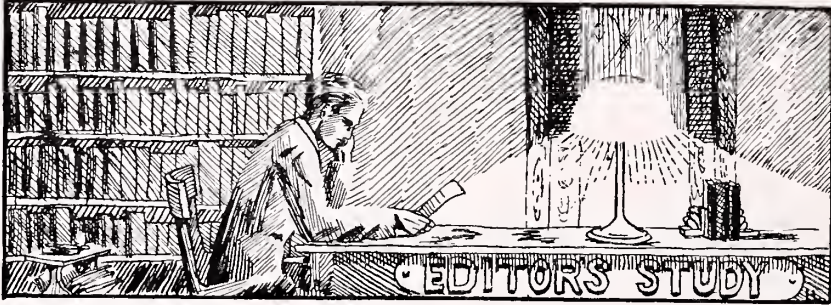
By Helen Levitt

I heard the drip-drip-dripping of the rain
Come dashing down upon my window pane;
I saw the splash-splash-splashing from the
eaves
In sparking drops fall on the thirsty leaves.

I watched the old worn shingles of my home
Turn dark beneath the moisture and the foam;
I saw the dried-up bushes 'gainst the wall
Turn fresh and green and suddenly grow tall.

I love the rain-soaked picture of the earth,
Whose trees, retaining water, shake with mirth;
While yesterday the world was bathed in showers,
Today it is bright with budding, fragrant flowers.

"The Missile"



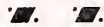
The Senior Number



BECAUSE the Senior Class through its whole-hearted cooperation has made it possible to publish this final issue of "The Missile," it is fitting that we in some way repay it for the excellent support that it has so willingly given.

Therefore, we have devoted this entire issue to the class, having used material submitted wholly by fourth year students. In an effort to make the magazine more appealing we have decided to fashion it somewhat along the line of an annual by including pictures of the various clubs of the school and by running other interesting features, but through the magazine as a whole we have tried to maintain the literary standard which has in previous years established the reputation of "The Missile."

—J. R.



"We Look Before and After"

For four years we have toiled on through endless days and nights of work and study, and now we are about to reap the golden reward that lies at the end of the pathway through high school. Oh! what a great reward it is to be able to stand grasping your diploma and to think that you have done your part and done it well. The Senior as he graduates stands upon the brink of life. From here on he will be on his own and must face the problems that confront him alone.

We cannot help but give a little sigh as we leave the high school for the last time. Pictures flash before our eyes, re-

calling many happy days and experiences spent in this grand old school. Although it has been a difficult task to complete the required work, the Senior realizes that he had spent some of the happiest days of his life while doing it. It is not hard to recall many trying and awful experiences that we have been through, but on the other hand, the joys and benefits that we have received far outweigh the bad. We cannot help having recollections of the teachers who have endeavored to help us on our way through this stage of our lives. Some may have been a little harsh, but now we realize that it was for our own good. When all is said and done, we know that we have enjoyed the acquaintances that we have made with our teachers, and it is our hope that these friendships may continue on, long after we have gone away in search of higher learning.

We are now only young men and women, and, believing that we know a great deal more than we do, we are inclined to regard many of our classmates as real friends. It is with pangs of regret that we realize that later on we will become entirely separated from most of them. We also have to understand that only a few of these may be really classed as our friends, while the great majority are only acquaintances who will never miss us after we are separated.

Of course each of us has a few special comrades that he wishes might go with him to college, but this is impossible in most cases, and so we have to be contented with the memory of our high school days and hope that we may run across each other later on in the busy world into which we are about to enter.

Deserting the past, we look eagerly out into the future. It is with many doubts in our minds that we dare think of what is to come. Like a soldier ready to go over the top, we know what to expect or how ready we will be to take advantage of any opportunities that may present themselves.

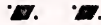
Looking out into the busy world, visions of men who have already graduated come to us, and with misgivings we compare ourselves to them. How small and insignificant we appear beside their power and bearing. They have gained their foothold in the ever-growing world and are putting into practice the learning that had been drilled into them just as it has into us. And yet, we cannot help but be fearful of the outcome of our venture into life. Will our next few years spent in college give us the maturity and knowledge that those in front of us have acquired?

"The Missile" ▼ ▼

Some of us will doubtless scale the heights of fame in their own distinctive field, while others may become dependents upon the society of the world. We believe that with the knowledge we have already gained, very few of us will fall into this latter class. The majority of our class will soon settle down to lead normal everyday lives just as our fathers before us have done, not reaching the great heights, but holding our own in the mad rush of civilization.

No matter what profession we may decide to enter or what type of life work we may choose, we are certain that in our high school work we have gained a foothold that will enable us to climb the ladder to success, and yet we feel reluctant to leave behind us that part of our lives that has been spent in one of the best schools in our state.

—W. A.



A Record to be Proud of

With this issue of "The Missile" another successful year of publication has been brought to a close, and more honors have been added to its literary record.

For the past seven years that "The Missile" has been entered in competition with the literary publications of other high and preparatory schools of the United States it has won high honors.

When in 1927 it was entered for the first time in the contest conducted by the Scholastic Press Association of Columbia University, it won a silver loving cup, taking first place above all other school magazines in the country.

The year following, the Columbia Press Association introduced a new form of judging the publications. It grouped the schools in classes according to enrollment and judged the magazines by a system of scoring, giving so many points for art work, so many for "set up," and so many for literary substance, and then ranking the publication according to its score out of a possible thousand points.

This did away with the selection of only one magazine as the best in the country and made it possible for more than one to make first place in its class; that is, first place among schools having the same enrollment.

The first year after this new form of judging went into effect, "The Missile" received a medal, taking second place honors.

The following year, in 1929, it took third place, which was the lowest that it ranked for the whole eight years.

In 1930 "The Missile" rose again to first place and held it through the following year.

In 1932 the Columbia Press Association ceased to give medals to any but those who took the highest honors in the first class group. This year "The Missile" took a ribbon ranking in second place.

The next year it also took a ribbon but this time for first class honors, and it held the same through the following year of 1934.

In the term just completed "The Missile" took medalist place, being one of the three best publications in the country in the literary class.

For the past two years our publication has been placed in the strictly literary class and has been in competition with state teachers' colleges and large New York high schools; whereas before it had competed with magazines from schools having the same enrollment as the Petersburg High School. So it is a great tribute to the students of the school to put out a magazine that now shares the honors with the best high schools in the country.

"The Missile" has not been entered in the state contest for a number of years because the school hasn't been a member of the Virginia Literary and Athletic League. However, when it was last submitted, it took first place and the same year a student of the high school, Miss Lucille Tench, was selected as the best poet of all the schools of the state.

So in closing another school term it is fitting that we express our thanks to the faculty adviser and to the students of the school for their help in putting out "The Missile" and also that we congratulate them on the splendid talent which they have exhibited this year.

J. R.

A Year of Sport

The sports year of 1934-1935, while not as successful as the previous year, was nevertheless marked by the usual Crimson Wave spirit and the outstanding performance of Eric Tipton, one of the greatest athletes ever produced by the High School. Tipton captained the football and basketball teams this year thus rounding off a brilliant athletic career.

Football started the season, and although handicapped by the loss of Motley, Rogers, Bowers, Smith, and others of the championship 1933 eleven, under the able leadership of Coach Day, the team won nine games, losing only to Woodrow Wilson. Petersburg scored 255 points to their opponents' 18. Baldwin, (N. Y.) High School, champions of Long Island, accepted the school's invitation for a post-season intersectional clash and, after a hotly contested battle, the game ended 12-12.

The basketball team was not as successful, winning 8 and losing 8 games during the regular season. The team journeyed north to New York at the invitation of Baldwin High School, losing close, hard-fought games to Southside, Lawrence, and Baldwin High Schools.

Boxing was dropped from the sports calendar this year due to the lack of high school opposition. High school boxing is not very popular in other schools of the state, and our boxers have had to meet college freshmen and prep school teams.

The girls' basketball team was rather unsuccessful, losing all seven games.

The girls' hockey team, playing its second season, lost 6 games and tied 3.

Due to the late start, P. H. S. was not represented in tennis by the boys, although plans have been made for a regular tennis team in 1936.

The golf team is progressing well. After losing the first two matches, they came back to defeat Woodrow Wilson. The P. H. S. junior varsity has broken even so far, winning one and losing one match. Continued improvement is expected from both teams.

Baseball got off to an impressive start, our team swamping its first two opponents. P. H. S. has always been a leader in this sport and this year's team does not seem to be an exception.

While this year's record in all sports may not be as good as some former years, we feel that P. H. S. has been well represented and that the co-operation of the student body and

the fighting spirit of the teams have never been excelled in previous years.

The scores for the year were:

FOOTBALL

P.H.S. 53 Emporia	0	P.H.S. 21 Maury	0
P.H.S. 7 Wilson	6	P.H.S. 20 Hopewell	0
P.H.S. 7 Fork Union	0	P.H.S. 32 Central	6
P.H.S. 8 Hampton	6	P.H.S. 9 J. Marshall	0
P.H.S. 39 Rocky Mt.	0	P.H.S. 12 Baldwin, N. Y.	12
P.H.S. 33 Thomas Jeff.	0		

BASKETBALL

P.H.S. 32 Alumni	30	P.H.S. 23 J. Marshall	53
P.H.S. 14 J. Marshall	20	P.H.S. 13 Maury	43
P.H.S. 26 Hampton	20	P.H.S. 24 Hopewell	22
P.H.S. 25 Maury	31	P.H.S. 25 Thomas Jeff.	23
P.H.S. 34 U. Va. Fresh.	27	P.H.S. 29 W.&M. N'f'lk	33
P.H.S. 28 Hampton	23	P.H.S. 26 Wood. Wilson	39
P.H.S. 22 Thomas Jeff.	21	P.H.S. 22 Souths'd, N.Y.	24
P.H.S. 37 Wood. Wilson	48	P.H.S. 28 Lawrence	29
P.H.S. 34 Hopewell	22	P.H.S. 25 Baldwin, N.Y.	26
P.H.S. 32 W.&M. N'f'lk	34		

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

P.H.S. 12 Midway	15	P.H.S. 9 Collegiate	14
P.H.S. 5 St. Catherine	25	P.H.S. 14 Hopewell	29
P.H.S. 13 Hopewell	34	P.H.S. 10 John Marshall	33
P.H.S. 16 Thomas Jeff.	14		

GIRLS' HOCKEY

P.H.S. 0 Westhampton	6	P.H.S. 1 Collegiate	1
P.H.S. 0 St. Catherine	5	P.H.S. 0 Collegiate	1
P.H.S. 1 Collegiate	2	P.H.S. 1 Farmville	3
P.H.S. 0 St. Catherine	0	P.H.S. 3 Farmville	3
P.H.S. 0 Thomas Jeff.	1		

GOLF

(Varsity)		(Junior Varsity)	
P.H.S.---	8 Thomas Jeff. 10	P.H.S.---	13½ Thos. Jeff. 4½
P.H.S.---	2 W.&M. Ext. -- 16	P.H.S.---	0 Thos. Jeff. 18
P.H.S.---	15 Wood. Wilson 3	P.H.S.---	3 Thos. Jeff. 15
P.H.S.---	0 Maury ----- 18		
P.H.S.---	8 W.&M. N'f'lk 10		
P.H.S.---	1 Thomas Jeff. 17		

BASEBALL

P.H.S.---	13 Franklin ---- 1	P.H.S.---	10 Rich. Col. F.--- 4
P.H.S.---	14 Chester ---- 2	P.H.S.---	7 V.M.I. Fresh.--- 6
P.H.S.---	5 St. Christoph. 1	P.H.S.---	5 Va. Fresh. ---- 13
P.H.S.---	6 McGuire's ---- 0	P.H.S.---	11 Wood. Wilson--- 0
P.H.S.---	3 Courtland --- 1	P.H.S.---	18 Ashland ----- 6

—W. M.



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